

The WHIGS hard Hea

The Cause of this hard FROST.

An Excellent New BALLAD

To the Tune of, *Oh London! Th'adst better have built new Bordello's, &c.*



I.

YE Whigs and Dissenters, I charge you attend,
Here is a sad story, as ever was told:
The River of THAMES, that once was your Friend,
Is frozen quite over with Ice very cold;
And Fish which abounded,
Tho' they can't be drowned,
For lack of their Liquor, I fear, are confounded:
Then leave your Rebellious and damn'd Presbytering,
Or you may be glad of Poor-Jack and Red-berring.

II.

Now, had it been frozen with Brimstone and Fire,
The wonder had been much deeper at bottom;
Tho' some do believe your Sins do require
A Punishment great as e'r fell upon Sodom:
But then the poor Fish
Had been dress'd to your Dish,
And, stead of a Plague, you had then had your wish;
Pikes, Flounders, together with Gudgeons & Roaches,
Had serv'd for the Luxury of these Debauchees.

III.

But, alas! to instruct ye this Frost now is sent,
As if it would shew ye your Consciences harden'd;
And if each Mothers Child make not haste to repent,
How the Devil d'ye think ye shall ever be pardon'd?
'Tis a very sad Case,
As ever yet was,
That the River should suffer for every Ass!
Poor Thames! thou maist curse the foul Lake of Geneva,
For whose faults Thou dost penance, sans hope of Re-
[priev-a.

IV.

This Thames, (O ye Whigs!) brought ye Plenty & Pride,
So ye harden'd your hearts with your Silver and Gold:
But if ever ye hope to redeem Time or Tide,
Hot must your Repentance, your Zeal must be cold;
Your damn'd hungry Zeal
For rank Common-zeal
Will hurry ye headlong all down to the Deel;
Then melt your hard hearts, & your tears spread abroad,
As ever ye hope that your Thames shall be Thaw'd.

V.

Make haste, and be soon reconcil'd to the Truth,
Or you may lament it, both old men and young;
For, suppose ev'ry Shop should be turn'd to a Boot
Oh, were it not sad to be told with a tongue!
Should Cheapside advance.
Up to Petty-Francis,
And London's Guild-hall up to Westminster's dance
O, what would become of your wealthy brave Chas
If it were forc'd so far Westward to clamber?

VI.

Cook-shops with roast Victuals, and Taverns with W
Already are seen on the River with plenty,
Which are fill'd ev'ry morning before ye can dine,
By Two's and by Three's, I may truly say Twenty
Jack, Tom, Will, and Harry,
Nas, Sue, Doll, and Mary,
Come there to devour Plum-Cakes and Canary
And if with their Dancing and Wine they be cir'd,
For a Tester apiece there's a Coach to be hir'd.

VI.

There's Ginger-bread, Small-coles, and hot Pudding-
With Bread and Cheese, Brandy, and good Ale and Be
Besides the Plum-Cakes too, there's large Cakes of
Enough to invite him that will to come here;
All which does betide
To punish your Pride;
Y'are plagu'd now with Ice, 'cause ye love to back-sl
Methinks it should warn ye to alter your station,
For y'ave hitherto built on a slipp'ry Foundation.

VIII.

Ye Merchants to Greenland, now leave off your sail
And for your Train-Oyl your selves never solicit;
For there is no fear of your Merchandise sailing,
Since the Whales, I'm afraid, mean to give us a visit
The great Leviathan
May sail to England,
To see a worse Monster, the PRESBYTERIAN.
Was ever a Vengeance so wonderful shewn,
That a River so great should be turn'd to a Town?

Sold at the Entrance into the Old Spring-Garden near Charing-Cross, 1681.